

## THE GAME OF CURLING.

### A DESCRIPTION OF SCOTLAND'S NATIONAL GAME.

An Exhilarating Sport That Is Fast Becoming Americanized—How It Is Played—A Pastime That Involves Plenty of Action and Excitement.

The game to which curling bears the greatest similarity is quoit; in each the object is to throw an article in such a way that it shall come to rest as near as possible to a given mark.



THE SKIP AND HIS MAN.

There the resemblance ceases. The quoit is as unlike the curling stone as can be imagined. Instead of a pound and a half iron disk, or ring, we have a rock that must weigh at least thirty pounds, but may not exceed fifty. The shape of the curling stone is similar to a much-flattened orange. According to the rules its height must be at least one-eighth of its circumference, and this must not be greater than thirty-six inches. Into one side of the stone is fastened a handle which the player grasps when he throws his stone. A curler's outfit consists of two of these ponderous



THE GAME OF CURLING. "An Exciting Moment."

toys and a broom. The space required to play the game is forty-two yards long by seven wide. This is called a rink. Near each end the goals, or marks, are put down on the ice so that they are thirty-eight yards apart. These are called the "tees." Four yards back of each one a circle eighteen inches in diameter is drawn, within which the player must place his right foot when throwing his stone. A circle seven feet in radius, drawn about each tee, indicates how close the stone must be left to the tee in order that it shall count at last as a shot. Four men play on each side in each rink. The captain of a side is known as the "skip," a corruption, perhaps, of the nautical term skipper.

When the game is ready to begin the skips take their positions at one of the ends, and the remaining four men arrange themselves along the intermediate space. The skips have absolute authority over their respective sides, directing the play of each individual. One of the men at the further tee, with his foot within the eighteen-inch ring, throws his stone along



A SHOT.

the ice, aiming for the tee where his skip stands. If the skip sees any snow or dust, or other obstruction in the path of the on-coming stone, he can order his men on the middle line of the rink to sweep it away with his broom. No player has any right to touch the stone with his broom, but at the command of his skip he may remove any obstruction in his path. When the first stone has been thrown and has come to rest near the tee, a player on the opposing side takes his turn. His object, of course, is to lay his stone nearer the tee than that of his opponent, but he awaits for instructions from his skip as to how he shall try to throw. If his opponent has left his stone directly in his path the skip may command him to play against it, to knock it if possible beyond the seven-foot ring, or at all events further from the tee than it now is. The player may or may not succeed in fulfilling his skip's desire. The opponent then plays his second stone and the second player likewise. One pair having played they take up their brooms and go down to the middle of the rink, while another pair takes their place at the initial tee. The skips play last, one curler

from each side assuming the directing of the critical tee. When all the stones have been cast the umpire counts up the points scored by each side, deciding, as in quoits, by the proximity of the stones to the object tee. That constitutes an "end," and sometimes a definite number of ends are played to constitute a game and sometimes a definite time is played, in each case the scores of completed "ends" being aggregated to arrive at a result. An experienced player thus describes the "five points" of the game:

"Curling is a game that does not depend for success upon the exercise of great muscular strength. When the ice is in such condition that it takes a good deal of muscle to propel the stone to the tee, we do not consider it good curling. People unfamiliar with the sport might think a forty-pound stone rather heavy for a plaything, but few would prove so slight as to be unable to throw it more than forty rods over keen ice. Curling seems to me superior to all other sports in that, while individual excellence is cultivated to the highest extent, yet team-playing is equally important, and more required than in any other game I know about. In curling, every man has to be on the alert every instant; he is never wholly idle, and must be ready to obey the command of his skip promptly and intelligently. I know no sport where the leader or director or captain, whatever may be his title, has as great responsibility as the skip has in curling. The player forty-two rods away cannot distinguish accurately the relative positions of the stones already at rest near the tee; he cannot see with certainty just what it will be best for him to accomplish. The skip decides for him, and from his position at the tee decides whether he should sweep with his broom, or if not coming fast enough to reach the desired point, and he therefore orders his men who are in the middle of the rink to sweep with their brooms in front of the curling stone. You have no idea how much difference the sweeping makes. If snow is falling it can readily be understood that the brooms must be used actively, but on

## EPISCOPALIAN BISHOPS.

### PORTRAITS AND SKETCHES OF THE TWO NEW PRELATES.

Rev. Charles C. Grafton, of the Diocese of Northern Wisconsin, and Rev. Cyrus F. Knight, of Lancaster, Pa., the Successors of Bishop Welles.

BISHOP GRAFTON.

At a special council for the election of Episcopal Bishop for the Diocese of Fond du Lac, Wis., held recently in that city,



BISHOP-ELECT GRAFTON.

Rev. Charles C. Grafton, of the Church of the Advent, Boston, was elected as the successor of the late Bishop Brown. Father Grafton is a member of the Cowley Society, is a tall, handsome man, about 60 years of age, and a fine speaker. He was a Boston boy and educated at the old Boston Latin School. He graduated from the Harvard law school, but practiced little. When still quite young he took up the study of theology and soon after his ordination he became the assistant of Dr. Wyatt, in Baltimore, Maryland. He was in Baltimore at the outbreak of the war, and it was he who, with a certain charitable lady of that city, Mrs. Tyler, in the face of popular bitterness, took the wounded soldiers of the Sixth Massachusetts Regiment from the railroad depot, where they were lying in neglect, and carried them where he could assist in nursing them back to health. Though he was a staunch Unionist, he never, during those days, lost the warm affections of his Baltimore friends. He is regarded in Boston as a preacher of rare oratorical power, reminding some of the older Bostonians at times of Webster, and some who have heard the preachers of Notre Dame, Paris, of the more noted orators of the French church. He is personally gentle and simple in his ways.

#### BISHOP KNIGHT.

Rev. Cyrus F. Knight, of Lancaster, Pa., has been chosen as the successor of Bishop Welles. The election of Dr. Knight is a victory of the cathedral and High Church party over the Broad Church element in the diocese. Dr. Knight will accept the office. He was born at Boston in March, 1831, and is, consequently, 57 years of age. He graduated from the general theological seminary in New York in 1854, and was ordained to the priesthood shortly afterward. His first cure was St. Mark's Church, in Boston. Thence he went to Hartford, Conn., as rector of Christ's Church, whence he removed to Lancaster, Pa., where he has since resided as rector of St. James' Church, one of the best known parishes in the State. Since he took charge of that church he has paid off the debt which encumbered it, and has so increased the attendance that the church edifice has been



BISHOP-ELECT KNIGHT.

enlarged three times, and now seats 7,000 people. He is said to be a dignified, handsome man, very popular and learned.



BISHOP-ELECT KNIGHT READING AN ADDRESS.

#### AN IDEALIST.

A Russian Who Paints Bloody Pictures in the Interests of Peace.

The American art world has a new star in the person of Vasilla Verestchagin, the Russian painter now visiting the United States. As a realist he ranks above all other modern painters; he disregards all the softening features employed by other artists, and paints battle scenes, wounds and agony exactly as they really are. In short, the critics say that "what Zola is in literature Verestchagin is in art, even to a more pronounced independence of custom and precedent. No conscientious is this great Russian that he aims always to paint winter scenes during the winter and other scenes during their season, so as to be fully in sympathy with his subject."

His fame is greatly heightened by the remarkable journey he has made in order to paint certain localities. He penetrated Tibet with a small guard in spite of the

opposition of the British authorities of Northern India and the attacks of hostile nomads, fighting two or three small battles on the way. He journeyed through the high Himalayas on a yak (an animal of the bovine species), and gained a thorough knowledge of the people, animals, and scenery of the high plateaus north of those mountains. All this will be given to the world in book form. He also followed the Russian army in the war against Turkey, and took the sketches for his frightfully realistic battle scenes.

Verestchagin was born about forty-five years ago in the province of Novgorod, northern Russia, and was educated at the naval school at St. Petersburg. The navy did not suit his tastes, and he went to Paris and studied art under Gerome. In 1866 he returned to Russia and began his career as traveler and painter. He hesitated at first to subject his sketches to the public, but he visited many historic places and depicted literally, disregarding all conventionalities, some of his pictures are laughed at and others denounced as blasphemous by the adherents of certain faiths.

#### \$85,000 for a Horse.

American turfmen opened their eyes when they saw in the papers that Ormonde had been sold to one of their countrymen for \$85,000. Ormonde was bred by the Duke of Westminster, his late owner. He was sired by Ben d'Or, dam Lily Agnes. Ormonde won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1886, and the Derby by a length and half from the Bard. Fred Archer rode the great horse in all his races. The Duke of Westminster bought Doncaster a few years ago for £12,000, or



ORMONDE.

almost \$60,000, and this figure has stood as the top notch until the sale of Ormonde.

#### Some Hints About Diphtheria.

Cats, dogs, fowls, and rabbits should be kept out of the room, since these frequently convey the disease. There should be a small quantity of sulphur burned from time to time in the sick chamber. Everything which comes from the child should be disinfected. It would be well also to fumigate the apartment in which the child was first taken sick. The child's food should be frequently given and be of greatly nutritious quality. The spread of diphtheria can be readily checked by isolating for a short time in a room by itself each child that suffers from a sore throat during a diphtheria epidemic. Children during such an epidemic should be forbidden to indulge in indiscriminate kissing, whether of adults or children. The symptoms of the malignant epidemic are slight fever, slight swelling of the glands of the throat, and sudden exhaustion. All these are indistinguishable from ordinary sore throat. Prevention on the lines already laid down gives better results than any treatment. The physician should be called early in cases of sore throat in a diphtheritic neighborhood.

#### What Made Her Mad.

"I think that Mr. Smith is just as hateful as he can be," said one pretty girl to her dearest friend.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the other, in surprise. "I thought he was very attentive to you at the party last night."

"Yes," said the first pretty girl, spitefully, "that's just what's the matter. We were out in the conservatory together and nobody else was around. He had been just as pleasant and entertaining as man could be, and really I couldn't help thinking what a handsome fellow he was. It was real cozy and dark out there—and we were all alone, as I said before—and he was sitting just as close—and—and—"

"And he kissed you?" the other interrupted, eagerly.

"No," was the reply, "the mean horrid thing! He didn't!"—*Somerville Journal.*

#### Brought Him to Time.

It was getting pretty near the end of leap year and Amarantha was becoming agitated.

"Charlie," she said with a sigh, as she raised her store frizzes from the shoulder of his Tewksbury mills all-wool cassimere four-button cutaway. "I've thought of a conundrum: Why are you like green corn?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, Amarantha—"

"No," replied Amarantha, whose education was completed at the Athens of America; "it is because no degree of warmth causes you suddenly to expand into a desiderated effluence."

Then there was silence for the space of several minutes while the significance of the answer was working its way through his nerve centers to his occipital vacancy, and then he popped.—*Springfield Union.*

#### Authoritative.

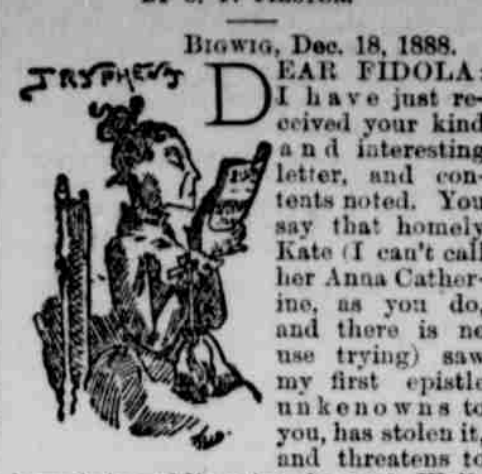
Big Sister—Dick, I think it is time little folks were in bed.

Little Dick (on Mr. Nicefellow's knee)—Oh, it's all right. Mamma said I should stay here until she came down stairs.—*New York Weekly.*

GRANADA, a city in southern Spain, was founded by the Moors in the eighth century, and formed at first part of the kingdom of Cordova. In 1236 Mohammed al-Hamar made it the capital of his new kingdom of Granada, which was highly prosperous till its subjugation by the "great captain," Gonsalvo de Cordova, Jan. 2, 1492. In 1609 and 1610 the industrious Moors were expelled from Spain by Philip III., to the lasting injury of his country. Granada was taken by Marshal Sault in 1810, and held till 1812.

## THE BIGWIG PAPERS.

BY S. F. FIESTER.



Bigwig, Dec. 18, 1888.  
DEAR FIDOLA: I have just received your kind and interesting letter, and contents noted. You say that homely Kate (I can't call her Anna Catherine, as you do, and there is no use trying) saw my first epistle unknown to you, has stolen it, and threatens to have it in public print, do you? Well, all I have to say is that I'll carry her name to the dogs if she does, and confuse her of her meanness in open court. You know I don't take the papers myself, but I'll depend on the neighbors for information, and let her beware! I know her age and what kind of teeth she has, and I'll make her wish herself in the cold confines of the lost if she dares to have it printed.

Well, Fidola, it does seem that we have been standing in "slippery places" ever since Sophia Jane told that confounded lie about that hateful old rooster. I hadn't been outside of the house since I fell into those turbulent waters I told you about, until last evening, when I made up my mind to go forth, and not let my light burn under a hill any longer.

You see, George had heard around town that there was to be a "candy pull," and Phylletus heard of the pound party. It seems that the churches here always manage to have their entertainments on the same evening. I suppose the members are afraid some one will spend a cent in the wrong direction.

Sophia Jane and I thought it would be a splendid chance to get into society, and we made up our minds to go to one or the other, but we couldn't agree as to which. I had calculated on going to the pound party, but George and Sophia Jane were bent on going to the candy pull, and after we gattered for about an hour I got my dander up, and told them to go their way and I would go mine.

It was Sophia Jane's first entry into society here at Bigwig, and I was anxious to see her make a big swell, and so, mad as I was, I helped her fix up in style, and—would you believe me—she looked like a pert miss of sixteen, instead of thirty-six, as she really is. Sophia Jane and George went first, and I sat at home conjuring up something to take to the party that wouldn't cost much. By and by I thought of some frozen onions that I had in the pantry, and I determined to take some of them. I remembered that good text our elder used to preach about when he wanted money, "The liberal soul shall be made pious," and I got an empty flour sack, put in a peck of the onions, and went over. When I got there a nice-looking young chap took them and asked me what they were, right before the whole company. I thought it was none of his business, and so I told him they were apples—another lie which I'll regret to my dying day; but of that, hereafter.

I enjoyed myself very much for the first time in this town, although some of the big bugs that were at our house on Thanksgiving were there, and I was first going to start home, for I thought I would go home early, so they would miss me when I was gone, and realize what a help I was to the life and enjoyment of the party, for I tell you, Fidola, if it hadn't been for me the party would have been dull and a bore all the evening; but, as I said before, I was just going to go home when the nice-looking young man proposed having a treat of apples, and, to my utter horror, went and got that sack of onions and began dealing them out to the company before my very eyes.

It seems to me if they'd had any senses about them they'd have known the difference between apples and onions, but they didn't, or else they didn't want to, for each one took a bite, and then one of the very women that partook of my hospitality on Thanksgiving had the brassy cheek enough to ask me what variety of apples I called them, as they were so finely flavored.

I was riled by that expression, and I made up my mind to say something for all the world like sarcasm, so I asked her if she had an idea I was a fool. I told her I had been caught in a company of fools, and that might make me fool-looking in their eyes; but if she would wear the spectacles of common sense and decency a while she would see that her brain cut about the same figure in her skull that a hog does in Lake Erie. She said she was glad she was not the only fool, and that I looked about the silliest of any person she ever saw.

That raised me, and I told her the Creator never put that face on her to deceive folks. She had just begun another speech when the minister came in and she shut up, and I just got my things and went out of that house in disgust and renown. I waited at the step and looked through the keyhole as soon as I got out, and they were laughing like a set of fools, so I went home. I tell you, Fidola, if Job had been in my place he could have sworn, or else there is no hereafter.

I supposed Sophia Jane and George wouldn't come home for two hours yet, but when I got in the house and had lit the lamp, there sat both of them, looking like two whipped dogs. I knew then that something awful had happened, and for a full hour neither of them spoke, although I coaxed Sophia Jane all the time to tell her troubles to her down-trodden mother. It seems from her tell that they were having a fine time, and she was getting acquainted with a young man of eighteen, when, as they were pulling candy, he let a big lump fall in her hair, and in snatching it out he pulled off her switch and frizzes right in the eyes of all the company, which riled Sophia Jane so that she went to spit in his face, and out flew her false teeth. You know Sophia Jane is nearly bald, and when her teeth are out she looks for all

the world like an old maid, and she was just hopping mad, and she told him his history down to the third and fourth of generations. George says she flung her arms and doubled up her fists, and talked so fast that it sounded just like her swearing. George says the preacher looked as if he were going to faint when they came away.

Now, I have told you some more of my troubles, and I want you to try and give us a little consoling balm in your next. I am looking for the minister to come and apologize to me, and thank me for the onions. If he don't come I shall know he is a wolf in sheep's clothing, that's all. Write soon to your dejected sister,  
TRYPHENA HIGGINS.

#### Josh Billings' Philosophy.

A man whom you can trust with a secret, you can trust with anything.

Common sense is the favorite daughter of Reason, and altho there are many other wimmin more attractive for a time, there is nothing but death can rob common sense of her beauty.

Opinions should be formed with grate caution, and changed with grate.

The only thing that a human being is positively certain of is death.

Silence is one of the hardest arguments to refute.

Love is seduced by blind, but I no lots of phellows in love who can see twice as much in their gals as I can.

The miser is a riddle. What he possesses he ain't got, and what he leaves behind him he never had.

Good phibick is like a fiddle; it furnishes the tune while nature cuts the pigeon wing and cures the patient.

Caution, tho very often wasted, is a good risk to take.

Fity is about the meanest wash that one man can offer another. I had rather have a 10-dollar greenback that had been torn in two twice and pasted together, than two halves the pity there is on the upper side of the earth. Fity is nothing more than a quiet satisfaction that I am a great deal better off than you am, and that I intend to keep so.

Fortune is like a coquette—if you don't run after her she will run after you.

Did you ever hear a very rich man sing?

If I was a going to paint a pikter of Faith, Affection, and Horestry, I would paint mi dog looking up in mi face and waggin his tail.

The devil is a mean kuss; he never keeps his own promises, but always makes us keep ours.

Truth is as artless as a child, and as persuasive.

There is nothing in this life that men pay so high a price for as they do for repentance.

Laws are made, customs grow—laws have to be executed, customs execute themselves—laws begin where customs end.

Men who have a good deal tew say, use the fewest words.—*New York Weekly.*

#### She Dreamed It.



He (about to ask for a kiss)—I have an important question to ask you.

She (playfully)—I know what it is, Charlie. You want me to be your wife. I dreamed it. Well, take me.

He (rather taken aback)—You dreamed it?

She—Yes. I dreamed it last night, and I answered you as I am answering you now, and you took me in your arms and kissed me.

What could Charlie do?

#### A Queer Mother.

The Queen of Greece may often be seen seated in a little wicker chair on a balcony of her palace, crocheting little lace tidies, which she gives to people whom she wishes to honor. She is a very handsome woman, of a rich and superb type, with magnificent eyes and hair and a fresh color, though mother of a marriageable son. She is fond of active exercise, and manages the routine of the royal housekeeping with skill and economy, besides supervising her children's education. She never wears any color but blue and white, and they become her well. Blue and white striped silk is one of the national products, and she wears it to encourage the industry. She is like queens we read about, and emulates Penelope in industry. She is her husband's companion and adviser, and by birth is a Princess of Russia.—*Troy Times.*

#### Why He Prayed.

Minister—"Do you say your prayers, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Yes, sir."

Minister—"Do you always pray for strength in the hour of temptation?"

Tommy—"All but once."

Minister—"Why didn't you pray for strength that time?"

Tommy—"Because Billy Williams licked me so quick that I hadn't time to pray. I've been prayin' for strength ever since, and as soon as I git enough muscle you bet your sweet life I'll do him."—*Arctola Record.*

#### In Bad Humor.

Editor's child—"What's the matter with papa to-day? He's in an awful bad humor."

Editor's wife—"Yes, my dear. The regular funny man of the paper is sick, and your father is trying to keep the department going."—*New York Weekly.*

Crowns and half-crowns of silver were coined in England by Edward VI., in 1553.